

*The Historie of*

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,  
And shew'd thou makest some tender of my life,  
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prin.* O God, they did me too much iniurie,  
That euer said, I harkened for your death.  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,  
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.

*King.* Make vp to Clifton, Ile to S. Nicholas Gawsey. *Exit K.*

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prin.* Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prin.* Why, then I see a very valiant rebell of that name;  
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,  
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne  
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Now, shall it, Harry? for the houre is come,  
To end the one of vs, and would to God  
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,  
And all the budding honours on thy crest,  
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight: Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay you shall find no boyes  
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he fals  
downe as if he were dead, the Prince*

*killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth,  
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,  
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

*Henry the*

They wound my thoughts, wor  
But thought's the slaue of life, an  
And time that takes suruay of all  
Must haue a stop. O, I could p  
But that the earth and cold hand  
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, th  
And food for

*Prin.* For wormes, braue Pe  
I'll wean'd ambition, how much  
When that this body did contain  
A kingdome for it was too small  
But now two paces of the vilest c  
Is roome inough: this earth that  
Beares not aloue so stout a gentlen  
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,  
I should not make so great a shew  
But let my fauours hide thy mang  
And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke  
For doing these faire rites of tend  
Adiew, and take thy praise with th  
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in  
But not remembred in thy Epitaph

*He spierth Falstaffe*

What, old acquaintancel could n  
Keepe in a little life? poore Jack  
I could haue better spar'd a better  
O, I should haue a heavy misse o  
If I were much in loue with vani  
Death hath not strooke so faire a  
Though many dearer, in this blo  
Inbowel'd will I see thee by and b  
Till then, in blood by noble Perc

*Falstaffe riseth*

*Fal.* Inbowel'd? if thou inbow  
to powder mee and eate me too to  
to counterfet, or that hot termag  
lot too. Counterfet? I lie, I am  
counterfet, for hee is but the cou